

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

From the Widow Bedott Papers.

Mr. Crane.—well, widder, I've been thinkin' about takin a nuther campanun, and I thought I'd ask you—

Widow.—Oh, Mr. Crane excuse commotion—it's so unexpected. Jest hand me that ere bottle o' camfire off the mentlery shelf—I'm rather faint—dew out a litle mite on my handkerchiff and hold it to my nuz—thare that'll dew—I'm obligeb tew ye—now I'm rather more kumposed—you may perceed, Mr. Crane.

Mr. crane.—wall, widder, I was agoing to ask you whither—whither—

Widow.—Kuntineur, Mr. Crane—dew—I know it's terrible embarrasin'. I remember when my deceased husband made his superstitions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so orferly frustrated—it did seem as if he never wud git out in the wurruld, and I spose it's ginerally the case, atleast it has been with all them tahl's made superstitions to me—you see they'r ginerally koncertin' about what kind of an answer the're 'agwine to git, and it a kind o' makes 'em nervous. But when an individwal has reason to s'pose his tachments recipreka-ted, I don't see what need there is o' bein frustrated—tho' I must say It's embarrassin' to me—pray kuntineur.

Mr. C., 'Well then, I want to know if you'r willing I should have Melissy?

Widow.—'The dragon?

Mr. C. 'I han't said anything to her about it yet—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny, we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew any thing about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew right this time and speak to the old woman—

Widow.—'Old woman hel—that's a purty name to call me!—amazing perlite, tew!—wants Melissy, hey!—Triblection! graceous sakes alive! well I'll give up now. I always knowed you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess I didn't think you was quite so big a fool—want Melisse, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlasting old calf you must be to s'pose she would look at you. Why you are old enough to be her father, and more tew—Melissy aint only in her twenty-oneth year. What reedickilous idee for a man o' your age—as gray as a rat tew! I wonder what the world is a coming tew; 'tis astonishin' what fools old widowers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy! Me-

lissy!

Mr. C.—'Why, widder, you surprise me—I'd no idee of be-ing treated in this way after you had been so polite to me, and making such a fuss over me and the girls.

Widow.—'Shet your head, rim Crane—nun o' your sass to me. Thar's yer hat on that ere table, and here's the door, and the sooner you put on the one and go out at t'other, the better it will be for you. And I advise you before you try to git married agin, to go ont west and see if your wife's cold—and arter you'r satisfied on that pint, jest put a liddle lamp black on yer hair—it would add to your app-rarance ondoubtedly and be of survice tew yer, when yer want to flourish among the gals—and when you've got your hair fixed jest splinter the spine o yer back—wouldn't hurt yer looks a mite—you'd be intirely onresistable if you was a liddle grainstraiter!

Mr. C.—'Well I never!

Widow.—Hold yer tongue—you consarned old coot you—I tell you thar's yer hat and thars the door—be off with yer-self, quick metre, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick.

AN INTERESTING DECISION TO COTTON PLANTERS.

The New Orleans Picayune reports a decision of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, which will prove a useful and interesting to cotton planters generally. The case was that of *Mazoffin vs. Cwan, Dykes & Spalding*—appeal from the first District Court.

Plaintiff was a cotton planter, and defendant his commission merchants in New Orleans. The petition alleges, in substance, that in 1851 plaintiff consigned to defendants, for sale, 153 bales of cotton; that the defendants without plaintiff's authority, contrary to his first instructions and in omission of their duty as his agents and factors, wrongfully delayed the sale of his crop of 1850 an unwarrantable length of time, and that in consequence of that neglect of duty and disregard of his instructions, he sustained a loss of five and a half cents per lb on the sale of his cotton, for which he asks judgment, &c.

The claim was resisted on the following grounds.

1. The defendants never violated or disregarded any instructions given by plaintiff—that on the contrary, the time of sale was expressly referred to to their discretion.

2. That even if they had violated his instructions relative to the sale of his cotton, still that plaintiff had fully ratified their contract, in reference thereto, by consigning to them, for sale, his crops of 1851 and of 1852.

3. That the suit was barred by the prescription of one year.

The evidence in the case, touching the question of instruction to sell, is found in extracts from two letters to defendants—one showing clearly that he gave them discretionary power in the premises, by the words, 'you do as you think best, I have determined to rely on your judgment in the matter.' This was dated Sept. 10, 1850. The second letter (dated Dec 10) says: 'I have drawn on you in favor of S. Magoffin, my brother, who will pass through your city on his way to Texas, for \$3000, which you will pay when presented out of my cotton * * I would like that you

would sell it by the time he returns to your city, on his way home, and send me the proceeds, as heretofore.'

It was held by the Court:

1. That notwithstanding the letter of September 10, 1850, the letter of December 10th, contained instructions to sell, which defendant's had no right to disregard. And they ought to have sold, at the first best, by the time S. Magoffin returned from Texas, and failing so to do they are liable for the damages sustained.

2. The subsequent consignment to defendants by plaintiff of his crops of 1851-2, was not, under the circumstances of the case, a ratification of their conduct with reference to the crop of 1850.

3. That the liability of the defendants having arisen ex contract, the prescription of one year did not apply.

The judgment of the District Court was for \$3,362, which was affirmed.

From the Eastern Clarion.

'John Honeywell,' who never does anything very ill, 'carried out his principles' to the letter in the subjoined lines.

"THE RAIL."

'I met him in the cars
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat,
He was furthermore embellished
By a tickle in his hat.

'The conductor touched his
And awoke him from a nap;
When he gave the feeding flies
An admonitory slap,
And his ticket to the man
In his yellow lettered cap.

'So, launching into talk,
We rattled on our way,
With allusions to the crops
That along the meadows lay
Where upon his eyes were lit
With a speculative ray.

'The heads of many men
Were bobbing as they sleep,
And many babies lifted
Their voices up to weep;
While the coal-dust darkly
On boues in a heap.

'All the while the swaying
Kept rudding o'er the rail,
And the frequent whistle sent
Streaks of anguish to the gl
And the cinders pattered down
On the grimy floor like hail.

'When suddenly a jar,
And a twice repeated bump,
Made the people in alarm,
From their easy cushions jump,
For they deemed the sound to be
The inevitable tramp.

'A splintering crash below,
A doom foreboding twitch,
As the tender gave a lurch
Beyond the flying switch,
And a mingled mass of men
Lay weltering in the ditch.

'With a palpitating heart,
My friend essayed to rise;
There was bruises on his limbs,
And stars before his eyes,
And his face was of the hue,
Of the dolphin when it dies,

* * * * *

'I was very well content
In escaping with my life,
But mutilated friend
Commenced a leg-d strife
Being thereinto incited
By his lawyer and his wife.

'And he writes me the result,
In his quiet way as follows:
That his case came up before
A bench of legal scholars
Who awarded him his claim
Of \$1500!"

For the *.

The scamp who put out the eye of a needle, was punished by being compelled to shave the beard that grew on the face of a watch.

There is a man intown who is able to read (at night,) the "book of destiny" by "the light of other days."

The 'corn' that grew on, and so much afflicted the foot of the bedstead has been cut off by the man who is as 'sharp as a razor.'

Our boot maker is anxious to take the measure the foot of a mountain.

After he has done so, shall he (shew) shoe it?

The man who went to sleep at his post has been furnished with a bed.

The fisherman who baited his hook with the 'worm of a fence'